

MARK TWAIN QUARTERLY

TRUST

Eden Phillpotts

How suitable the wisdom of the wise,
Where sage and seer wander to and fro,
As drifting clouds in noonday sunshine glow,
Men vanish with their ideologies,
Transient as waves that beat and winds that blow
Upon our immemorial verities
And peaks of truth that cleave the crystal skies
Above the murk where man is want to go.

A salient truism goodwill shall find:
How Trust alone forever points the way
To peace and brotherhood of human kind.
Trust built of faith no passion can betray;
Trust absolute—the morning star of hope,
Shining as yet beyond our reason's scope.

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THE MARK TWAIN QUARTERLY

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The Pessimism of Mark Twain

Robert Douglas

The name of Mark Twain has come to mean to many people one of America's great humorists. They think back upon such delightful novels as "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn." A highly successful musical comedy and several motion pictures have been based upon "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," but where they caught the spirit of Twain's humor much of the book's meaning was lost for no longer associated with this book are the horrible descriptions of helpless people dying in a castle torture chamber for crimes they had not committed or a woman thanking God her husband had died because now he would no longer suffer the injustices of life. Thus Twain becomes regarded more and more as a humorist, and little or no cognizance is taken of his pessimism.

Perhaps the reason that Twain's pessimism escapes many of his readers is that it is clothed for a majority of his career in books that were not designed to be pessimistic or to give vent to the disillusion he was to experience in his later years. In fact, his writings appear to be in a definite order as if to represent different phases in his life and changing philosophies. First, there is his Western series: "Innocents Abroad" and "Roughing It." This is followed by the Mississippi series: "Tom Sawyer," "Life on the Mississippi," and "Huckleberry Finn," which in turn was followed by the medieval period books: "The Prince and the Pauper" and "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." Then came "What is Man?" and "The Mysterious Stranger." In each of these categories there is an increase in Twain's use of satire and pessimism until it finally erupts into the despairing visit of the angel, Satan, who announces, "There is no God, no universe, no human race, no earthly life, no heaven, no hell. It is all a dream, a grotesque and foolish dream. Nothing exists but you. And you are but a **thought**—a vagrant thought, a useless thought, a homeless thought, wandering

forlorn among the empty eternities." (Boldface Mark Twain's.)

In "The Mysterious Stranger" the angel, Satan, differentiates man from the beasts in that man possesses an accursed Moral Sense. "No brute ever does a cruel thing—that is the monopoly of those with the Moral Sense. When a brute inflicts pain, he does it innocently; it is not wrong; for him there is no such thing as wrong. And he does not inflict pain for the pleasure of inflicting it—only man does that. Inspired by that mongrel Moral Sense of his." Satan goes on to say that man with the aid of this Moral Sense can choose right from wrong. "What is the advantage of that?" he asks. "He is always choosing, and in nine cases out of ten he prefers the wrong. There shouldn't be any wrong, and without the Moral Sense there couldn't be any. And yet he is such an unreasoning creature that he is not able to perceive that the Moral Sense degrades him to the bottom of animated being and is a shameful possession."

This is one of the main themes of Twain's pessimism, but, unlike the sequence of order in a symphony, the variations on the theme appear the announcement of the theme itself. One such variation appears in "Pudd'nhead Wilson." Mr. Driscoll suspected that one of his slaves had been stealing small sums of money from him. Unless the guilty one confessed, he threatened to sell all four of them down the river (a fate worse than death to slaves in Missouri). It so happened that all of them were guilty as their confession proved. Mr. Driscoll then promised to sell them in that district rather than down the river. "The culprits flung themselves prone, in an ecstasy of gratitude, and kissed his feet, declaring that they would never forget his kindness and never cease to pray for him as long as they lived. They were sincere, for like a god he had stretched forth his mighty hand and closed the gate of hell against them. He

knew, himself, that he had done a noble and gracious thing and was privately pleased with his magnanimity; and that night he set the incident down in his diary so that his son might read it in after years and be thereby moved to deeds of gentleness and humanity himself." Mr. Driscoll had acted in accordance with his Moral Sense as Twain makes clear, but the act only served to accentuate a distorted justice and relationship between human beings. This incident presented a curious paradox on Moral Sense. Mr. Driscoll was humane and did keep his word; but, when the deed is considered in the broader context of human relationship — master and slave — his deed of magnanimity is swept aside by the injustice of the institution of slavery.

A second such variation on the theme of Moral Sense was Twain's treatment of justice in "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." For stealing a piece of linen cloth valued at a fourth of a cent which she hoped to sell in order to save her child from hunger, a young girl was sentenced to hang. Her defense was simply that her mind was so disordered of late by trouble and poverty that all acts, criminal or otherwise, had lost their meaning. No thought remained except that she was so hungry. "For a moment all were touched, and there was a disposition to deal mercifully with her, seeing that she was so young and friendless, and her case so piteous, and the law that robbed her of her support was to blame as being the first and only cause of her transgression; but the prosecuting officer replied that whereas these things were all true, and most pitiful as well, still there was much small theft in these days, and mistimed mercy here would be a danger to property—Oh, my God, is there no property in ruined homes, and orphaned babes, and broken hearts that British law holds precious! —and so he must require sentence (of death)."

Another theme that is sounded in Twain's "The Mysterious Stranger" is that of death as a release. The angel, Satan, tells of his plan to bring Lisa, a

young girl, to an early death. When the young boys plead with him not to do this, Satan replies, "From ten years of pain and slow recovery (from an accident) and then nineteen years pollution, shame, depravity, crime, ending with death at the hands of the executioner. Twelve days hence she will die; her mother would save her life if she could. Am I not kinder than her mother?"

The variation on this theme is a constantly reoccurring thing. Before each chapter in "Pudd'nhead Wilson" there are short epigrams from "Pudd'nhead's New Calender." One is "Pity is for the living, envy for the dead." Before chapter ten there appears "All say - How hard it is that we have to die - a strange complaint to come from the mouths of people who have had to live." Later we find "Each person is born to one possession which outvalues all his others - his last breath."

This same attitude is found in one of Twain's letters concerning the death of his daughter, Susy. "My life is a bitterness, but I am content, for she (Susy) has been enriched with the most precious of all gifts—the gift that makes all other gifts mean and poor—death. I have never wanted any released friend of mine restored to life since I reached manhood. I felt in this way when Susy passed away and later my wife and later Mr. Rogers."

However much Twain may have stated his philosophy of death as a release in other books, it remained for "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" to present it in its most forceful manner.

"We will not wake him?"

"Oh, no, for he is dead."

"Dead?"

"Yes, what triumph it is to know it. No one can harm him now, none insult him more. He is in heaven now, and happy; if not, he abides in hell and is content."

There are times when Twain would not limit death to simply an individual but the entire human species. "Well, there are times when one would like to

hang the whole human race and finish the farce," or "Often it does seem such a pity that Noah and his party did not miss the boat."

In an accusation against one of the prisoners in the queen's dungeon there lies the last theme of pessimism so vividly evidenced in Twain's works. The newest prisoner's crime was a mere remark which he had made. He said he believed that if you were to strip the nation naked and send a stranger through the crowd he couldn't tell the king from a quack doctor nor a duke from a hotel clerk." The idea of determinism through environment and birth takes shape in many passages of Twain's works. In the field of religion there is a passage from "Christian Science." The Christian Science Church, like the Mohammedon Church, makes no embarrassing appeal to the intellect, has no occasion to do it, and can get along quite well without it.

"Provided. Provided what? That it can secure the thing which is worth two or three thousand times more than an 'appeal to the intellect,' an environment." (Boldface Mark Twain's)

Further evidence is to be found in "Pudd'nhead Wilson." Tom is actually a Negro, but Roxy, his slave mother, exchanges him in his crib with the real Tom Driscoll. By this act the Negro slave boy becomes educated and takes his place in a white society, whereas the other lad, though white, is forced to take the slave's role and remains an uncouth person who never adjusts to white society even after his identity has been proven.

In Mark Twain's autobiography there is a statement concerning his mother's attitude toward slavery. "Kindhearted and compassionate as she was, I think she was not conscious that slavery was a bold, grotesque, and unwarranted usurpation. She had never heard it condemned. The church approved and validated their approval with texts from the Bible. As far as she was concerned, slavery was right, righteous, sacred, the peculiar pet of the Deity, and a condi-

tion which the slave himself ought to be daily and nightly thankful for. Training and association can accomplish strange miracles." The entire novel, "The Prince and the Pauper," is constructed on this idea. The prince when dressed in pauper's rags is the pauper, while the pauper dressed in the regal clothing of the prince is the prince, and none could tell them apart. The only fundamental difference between the prince and the pauper was the chance of birth.

So far, the object of this study has been merely to illuminate those areas in which Twain's works reflect the pessimistic attitude. This attitude has been evidenced in regard to the despotism of monarchy and nobility, the injustices of laws that protect material wealth rather than the people, and in regard to human nature. However, in his later works this pessimistic attitude shifts from the injustices of a distorted social order to that of a hopeless and useless life in general.

It is possible to divide Twain's pessimism into two categories, namely, that expressed in "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," "The Prince and the Pauper," "Pudd'nhead Wilson," and "Huckleberry Finn" and that expressed in "What Is Man?" and "Europe and Elsewhere."

There is a distinct and marked difference between these two that set them apart from the other. True, both represent a struggle, but in the first group there is a struggle against a controllable society, whereas in the second there is a struggle against a mechanistic and determined universe. To bring the former more clearly into focus, let us look more clearly at "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" and "The Prince and the Pauper."

In these novels the people are victims of a social structure that has enslaved them to a point where life has lost its meaning for them and death is the only sure means of escape. Laws are designed to protect property, and the nobility exploit the common man. On the other

hand, Twain still feels that there is hope and that all is not lost. "There it was, you see. A man is a man at bottom. Whole ages of abuse and oppression cannot crush the manhood right out of him. Whoever thinks it is himself mistaken. Yes, there is plenty of material for a republic in the most degraded people that ever existed . . . We should see certain things yet, let us hope and believe . . . Yes, there was no need to give up my dream yet a while." Twain did have a definite faith in the common man and in his ability to shape a useful and dynamic society.

This optimistic attitude also is reflected in the designing of laws and governments. "Laws should come from the people" for they would be just. The prince in "The Prince and the Pauper" gives the answer to a fair and just leadership in a government. "Kings should go to school to learn their own laws, at times, and so learn mercy." Experience was Twain's answer, the experience of having lived with people and having learned to know them. Huck Finn's entire attitude toward the Negro slave, Jim, is based solely upon this. "Then I'll go to hell," he said when he decided not to turn Jim over to the authorities as a runaway slave.

But this attitude is not to be found in the second group. There is no hope in "What Is Man?" or "The Mysterious Stranger." There is no reason for being; therefore, there can be no realization of happiness or understanding of one's fellowman. The universe is a machine, and human life is determined to such a point that no internal force in the individual's character can ever be powerful enough to alter the situation.

Thus Twain is no longer seeking after better conditions; he is not concerned with the plight of the common man. In this mechanistic and determined universe the king and the slave share the same unhappiness. Exalted rank is of no consequence because no individual, regardless of who he might be, can ever escape his own futility and indescribably short limitations. Twain is not crying out

to our reason or our humaneness to take notice of our actions and amend them for the better, but he cries out instead against a mute, senseless, and absolutely unconcerned universe that has trapped mankind.

On the whole, it does not appear probable that the second group is truly representative of Mark Twain's over-all philosophy. In fact, it is doubtful if anything he wrote after 1896 until the time of his death in 1910 is an accurate indication of any more than the despair that he felt at that time. The twilight of Twain's life was one of complete despair and hopelessness. He lived to see everything taken from him. He saw his life spent and no dream or ambition realized. His family and fortune were gone. Hence he took refuge in the fact that there is nothing—"life is but an empty dream."

In spite of all this evidence of the pessimism in the works of Twain, he still remains one of America's leading humorists. Who can doubt this after reading "Huckleberry Finn," "Tom Sawyer," or "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court"? But his true genius does not lie only in ability to amuse his readers. George Bernard Shaw once made the statement that Twain's works would be as important to future historians of American history as those of Voltaire to French history.

Surely no writer caught the spirit of the Seventies better in his works than did Mark Twain. His characters are the people of the Seventies: Tom Sawyer, the youth of the Mississippi; Huck Finn, the young rebel of society; Aunt Polly, the good woman; Judge Driscoll, who represented the false pride of the Seventies; Colonel Sellers, the very spirit of "The Gilded Age"; and the cowardly lynch mobs. He was a part of all this. He felt its desires and shared its dreams and experienced its disappointments. Mark Twain's works are the analysis of his world, and his pessimism is a result of his search for the good, the pure, and the beautiful at a time when exploitation was an accepted thing and values seldom rose above material gain.

Theodore Dreiser, Beyond Naturalism

Florence Leaver

Theodore Dreiser is another object lesson in the futility of attempting to paste a label on a writer. One reads the text books; they call him "naturalist," but when one has thus described him, the spirit of the man has been violated. Naturalism excludes what is not scientifically investigable and calls the province of investigation "nature." Materialistic naturalism limits its definition of nature to the physical world — facts, events, things that have space, time, or motion as verifiable characteristics in measurable quantity. Whatever is "real" or "natural" is material or physical, capable of being sensorily experienced. The materialistic determinist, in short, reduces everything to measurable, verifiable matter and motion.

Dreiser has, or thinks he has, this materialistic view of the universe. His preponderant emphasis upon the sensory in his novels; the insatiable desire of his fictional characters for varied and actual experience, the only way in which the materialist learns; his own decision to give up formal education because observation and induction were the only means to knowledge; his own philosophical (if inconsistent) statements on the matter—all these things indicate Dreiser's materialistic view of nature. In "Dawn" he states that he takes "no meaning from life other than the picture it presents to the eye—the pleasure and pain it gives to the body."

Materialistic naturalism, as we ordinarily conceive it, is deterministic; that is, it asserts that each event is an instance of a definite causal pattern. All phenomena are simply forms of a basic physical reality and the constantly changing relations between the phenomena of this reality—relations that are, of course, causal. Mental and emotional phenomena, as well as the purely physical, result from physical causes. Materialistic naturalism, consequently, denies "values," and "free will" disappears, for if determinism is universal, men can not

be held morally responsible for their actions.

When Dreiser attempts to explain Clyde Griffiths in "American Tragedy," he sees the causes of such a personality, for Clyde was the **verifiable** result of the particular set of causal conditions which produced him. To make his case even more credible, the author takes the story of Clyde's development from supposedly verifiable accounts which had actually appeared in newspapers. He seems to say, "It can happen, because it did. Here is the proof." Sister Carrie, too, is the inevitable result of the physical "chemisms" inherited and of lackadaisical upbringing.

Both are practically void of free will. They follow a course as nearly effortless as possible, offering no resistance to any lure that seems at the moment to offer sensory pleasure. Their narrative becomes less a story of individuals and more one of the ebb and flow of great urges and outside forces which sway and condition human destiny. Hurstwood, too, falls into the pattern, victimized by rampant urges within him and by the indifferent fate which accidentally makes him in the eyes of society a thief, as it has made Clyde Griffiths a murderer. In the story of his own life Dreiser reports observations on the indifference or positive enmity of Nature toward specific individuals. Howard Hall, a young friend at the University of Indiana during Dreiser's one year there, appeared to be fighting a losing battle, Nature having "loaded the dice" by giving him slight build, poor health, an impediment in his speech, only a fair intellect—and a desire to be a lawyer! After recording the untimely death of this lad, Dreiser characteristically cries out:

That small oil stove, bedroom, his
lean purse, voice impediment, weak
lungs! How indifferently, as I
thought at the time, does man fare

on this planet! How little, if at all, Nature cares! How completely unimportant our presence or absence! As Carlyle once said of Nature: "We hae nay pairt or lot wie her or she wie us." And Goethe . . . appeared to think the same.²

Important among the natural forces within man which determine much of his action is the sex drive, which, along with other urges, is, in Dreiser's physio-psychology, the result of certain "chemisms." Man is an "eating, savage animal," and his greatest appetite is sex. The two finished volumes of the "Trilogy of Desire" give evidence of the importance of sex in men's lives as a driving motive, although in these novels it is combined with a will to power through economic forces. It is from sex, says Dreiser, that all we know arises,

implements and the industries for the manufacture of them: houses, temples, arts, travels and dreams of the world, its literature and its seekings. Beyond that, to be sure, may lie other things—electro-physical forces in endless combinations and varieties . . .³

There is evidence, too, that Dreiser conceives of Nature at times as fiendishly enjoying the excruciating sex torture which men endure at her hands. Particularly is this true in men who seem cursed with burning desire but are made unattractive to women or are curbed from free action by social convention or religion. Herein lies explanation of art created through sublimation.

. . . What of those who seek and seek and yearn helplessly, and turn their thoughts into fiery flowers or deeds of other kinds? Does it repay? Is it sufficient? Does anything really repay those sensitive to desire, for its defeat? Answer, Dante! Answer, Abelard! Answer, Francesco! Romeo! Shakespeare! Goethe! Answer, all you tense-faced company of failures in love!⁴

The materialistic naturalist uses the scientific method. His conclusions about life are presumably based upon num-

bers of objectively observed phenomena of all aspects of persons and relationships. Naturally, experience (first-hand observation) looms large in the technique of the naturalist. As one reads Dreiser, whether it be his fiction, his autobiographical materials, or his philosophical essays, one is impressed by an intense yearning to experience *all* of life, to respond sensorily to all physical phenomena.

Dreiser's naturalism, as far as it is materialistic, includes the Darwinian struggle-for-survival concept, creating the dichotomy of rich and poor, strong and weak, efficient and ineffectual. When Hurstwood, "a pilgrim adream," arrived in New York, "the sea was already full of whales. A common fish must needs disappear wholly from view —remain unseen."⁵ Commenting further upon the same set of circumstances, Dreiser continues:

The great create an atmosphere which reacts badly upon the small . . . Walk among the magnificent residences, the splendid equipages, the gilded shops . . . Little use to argue that of such is not the kingdom of greatness . . . It is like a chemical reagent. One drop of it, like one drop of the other, will so affect and discolor the views, the aims, the desire of the mind, that it will thereafter remain forever dyed . . .⁶

This type of statement, very common in Dreiser, assumes that all persons who are not effectual in their dealing with life dream wholly of wealth and all the pleasures which wealth presumably brings. This sets the little man in competition with the "great" in a struggle to the death for supremacy. Although Dreiser's concept of man is that of a mechanism, "an invention, a schemed-out machine," at the mercy of forces within and without, his sympathy is as often with the "strong" man, who follows his urges and refuses to be hampered by civilization, as with the "weak" person who attempts to be law-abiding, conventional, and religious. For the

strong, no less than the weak, are at the mercy of the driving forces—biological and social. He retains to as great degree as possible for a man of intense emotions his scientific attitude of detachment and reports what he observes. But the Dreiser whom one learns to love, rather, perhaps, than to admire, hovers over his fate-directed world with a kind of brooding sympathy for strong and weak. Between the lines he says that, win or lose, all struggle is futile except as it gives sensory (often sensual) enjoyment—and this, of course, is fleeting.

Out of the dichotomy of weak and strong, moral and immoral, good and evil, wise and stupid, Dreiser evolves his variously stated theory of balance which in some respects parallels Emerson's doctrine of compensation. Both are theories of balance in nature; both assume the existence of the two extremes in all phases of life. Emerson, however, refusing to see evil, proudly announces the doctrine as an admirable evidence of a beneficent nature; Dreiser, always aware of evil, is puzzled by an indifferent nature, and utilizes one side of the balance, the weak, as an object of pity. He says in "Dawn":

I often ask myself why do not the argued morals of the world prevail if they are so important, or if the immorality of the world is so destructive and plague-like, why has it not destroyed the world? Why the everlasting contest between them, the everlasting palaver as to their sinfulness? Is it not obvious that both are essential and that equation which we know as Life is thus struck between them?⁷

The picture of life as a jungle came to him early. If he is reporting accurately, he was quite young when he sensed the struggle of men like his father — weak, uncertain, inefficient, slavishly religious—in the same world with captains of industry, brilliant lecturers, newspaper men.

I was not ready to believe as yet that Christianity and religions in

general use were wholly an illusion . . . or that all our theories as to justice, truth, mercy, and the like sprang from a desire to establish an equation or balance among the millions . . . on this earth.⁸

There is here, of course, the implication that the belief in the balance and the manner of its achievement came to him later. He states it again and again—in "American Tragedy," "Hey, Rub-a-Dub-Dub," "Dawn," "Plays Natural and Supernatural," "Sister Carrie," and elsewhere.

To this point Dreiser appears to follow quite closely the description of materialistic naturalism: "nature" consists of the physical only; natural events are the result of causal patterns, patterns outlining a determinism of inner and outer forces; nature is conceived of as being indifferent to man; he assumes the attitude of the scientist, supposedly basing his conclusions upon observations; he accepts the Darwinian survival of the fittest.

In one respect, to this point, he deviates from materialistic naturalism—in the idea of balance which results partly as a product of the "values" which convention and civilization have introduced. Here, of course, enters his humanitarianism, the flowering of his sympathy and pity for man at the mercy of the "great imbecilities." His scientific over-view may be cold, but his heart is warm.

. . . I am by no means of the opinion that we are born either free or equal—not even equal before any law, still I am in favor of those mental and educational processes and palliations of any system by which an equation between the too weak and the too strong may be reached.⁹

His humanitarianism, in terms of his theory of the biologically and socially deterministic world, where economic—social—biological Supermen like Copperwood exist side by side with aimless weaklings like Clyde Griffiths, consists of lessening the wide span of discrepancy between the extremes of the bal-

ance set up by natural and social forces. Being humanitarian but not a crusader, he is not likely to offer specific means of accomplishing this Herculean feat. That he is not entirely theoretical in his approach to evils in the national life is evident in "Tragic America" (1931). Here he ruthlessly portrays industrialism in its ugliest forms, naming specific individuals, trusts, and companies. On the opposite side of the balance he reports the scarcely durable condition of the working classes. But he does not drop the matter there; with scathing condemnation of present practice he cries out the need for conscious socialistic control of the American economic system. To the practical statesman-economist Dreiser's recommendations may seem "visionary" and "desirable but impossible," but the sincerity of the man shines through his blundering heaviness, and one can sense the purest humanitarian concern for the oppressed. Ten years after "Tragic America" there came another book, "America is Worth Saving," the very title of which denotes that Dreiser's concept of his fellowman, though pessimistic on the whole, was tinged with hope, a hope that could spring from nothing else than an appreciable confidence in man's humanity to man, the instrument of "balance."

Another phase of Dreiser must be considered if a complete picture of his subject matter and method is to be presented. This phase, that of his recognition of the supernatural, takes him outside the limits of true materialistic naturalism, which finds no intrinsic mystery in the universe but recognizes only the facts and phenomena of nature always to be explored. Dreiser's treatment of the supernatural is difficult of precise description. If he included it in "nature," one might dare to classify him with the "critical naturalists," who refuse to identify nature with space-time alone, holding that life, mind, and value are phases of nature.¹⁰ The critical naturalists would likely not welcome him to their group, for they seek to avoid the hypothesis of a supernature, while at the same time they make room in "na-

ture" for much of idealistic philosophy.

Dreiser seems to be completely helpless in the face of the supernatural or mystic. In his "supernatural" plays, such as "The Blue Sphere," "Laughing Gas," and "In the Dark," he treats the intangibles with the greatest possible respect; in fact, he treats them as romantically as is conceivable except for gloomy endings which bring one back with a jerk to the concept that man is only a toy in the hands of an indifferent, inimical, or even a mad god. When the deformed child follows the blue sphere to his death on the railroad track, the explanation is that man is the tool of unconquerable forces. In his "supernatural" plays there is the **recognition** of a higher power, but this recognition results only in sympathy for the helpless pawns in the game. In "The Hand of the Potter" a sexually depraved young man, after committing a murder, takes his own life, leaving a suicide note, "I didn't make myself, did I?" The chemical formula when he was mixed by the Potter was wrong; the Hand that mixed it was a shaking hand. Here again is **recognition** of a higher power, ruthless and careless. And Dreiser seems to say that, since the gods are indifferent, man must obtain his sympathy and pity from his own kind.

In Dreiser's account of his own life there occurs from time to time mention of supernatural or extra-natural events which he relates, wonders about, lists among the inscrutables without further comment. In "Dawn" is given the account of the thirteen will-o'-the-wisps seen by his mother, predicting thirteen children; the three lights presaging the death of three children, after the mother's angry rebellion at too much of wifehood and motherhood; the three graces that walked through the bedroom on the morning of Theodore's birth; his mother's premonition of death a few days before her passing; the mystic (his own term) clearing of her eyes and momentary look of complete health a few seconds before her last breath; his brother Rome's dream of his mother on a black horse which he at the time understood

as a "long-distance sensitivity" to her death — all these and others indicate without a doubt the writer's idea of their importance. The recital of the event is usually followed by a question—not by an attempt at explanation by "chemisms" or other natural processes. He accepts, in real life, what he hears. Hurstwood's degeneracy must be caused by "catastates" and "anastates," acting according to natural law, but Dreiser's mother, when she was worn out, makes her exit almost mystically. Rome's dream, a phenomenon which brought him home to find that his mother had died, caused Dreiser to reflect,

... is it not time we revised the list of senses and included that of telepathy or premonition? How is it that this is still denied — long-distance sensitivity to important occurrences?¹¹

Remembering with what exactness and completeness Dreiser probes the cause for every act and desire of his fictional characters, naming "chemism" and describing their reactions upon one another, the reader thinks of a dozen questions that Dreiser might have asked his brother about the attending circumstances of that dream. For these mystical experiences, most of them second-hand, he does not use objective observation, as he does when viewing the crowded streets of Chicago, the workmen in the laundry, or the girls in the office.

One must conclude that Dreiser's acceptance of supernatural phenomena without too much speculation, together with the importance he gives to them, sets a limit upon him as a materialistic naturalist; his observation is too casual, too naive. Neither does his treatment of such matters make him a mystic, as some critics have stated. To the mystic "there is a reality hidden from the ordinary channels of knowledge which can be revealed only to an individual mind in certain moments of insight."¹² Dreiser assuredly fails to reach any certainty about a reality, a force—a something, as he often calls it.

In his defense it is only fair to say

that he gives utterance to his conviction of the limitations of science, a conviction expected from one who is intrigued by the supernatural.

For we know . . . that science in its technical or practical approach toward the phenomena of existence has long since abandoned every hope of an answer to the **why** of things and has concentrated on the **how** of what it sees going on about us.¹³

The **why** of things is the haunting question of Dreiser, a fact which takes him beyond the realm of materialistic naturalism, for **why** leads to beginnings, and the search for the beginning transcends the knowable. Dreiser sees three possible conclusions to the **why**, as a speculative philosopher, basing his conclusions upon what science has assembled: that the data indicate the existence and rule of a master of some kind; that the nature of this master is set forth in what man senses of himself in material existence; and that there may be in the universe only a process, making "an eternal equation the very nature of things."¹⁴

Turning through Dreiser's volume of poetry, one is attracted by the manifold repetitions of the word "why" followed by a question mark. It occurs again and again in his non-fiction work. The haunting question is an outstanding symptom of a philosophy which transcends materialisms but does not reach mysticism.

1. Theodore Dreiser, "Theodore Dreiser: Dawn" (New York: Horace Liveright, Inc., 1931), p. 588.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 393.
3. *Ibid.*, p. 566.
4. *Ibid.*, p. 567.
5. Theodore Dreiser, "Sister Carrie," Modern Library edition. (New York: Random House, 1900), p. 321.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 321-322.
7. "Dawn," p. 444.
8. *Ibid.*, p. 553.
9. *Ibid.*, p. 578.
10. John Randall and Justus Buchler, "Philosophy: An Introduction" (New York: Barnes and Noble, 1942), p. 237.
11. "Dawn," p. 522.
12. Randall and Buchler, p. 115.
13. Theodore Dreiser, "The Living Thoughts of Thoreau" (New York: Longmans, Green, 1939), p. 1.
14. *Ibid.*, p. 5.

Mark Twain, Man of the People, Amidst Pomp and Circumstance at Oxford University

John J. Tigert

On June 26, 1907, Oxford University, at its Encaenia, or commencement convocation, as it would be called in America, conferred the degree of Doctor of Letters on Mark Twain in circumstances of a most unusual character.

Upon his arrival in England the renowned author, philosopher, and humorist was met by a host of press representatives. On the same day the Ascot Gold Cup, coveted racing prize, disappeared, and the papers carried this headline:

"Mark Twain Arrives Ascot Gold Cup Stolen"

He said that they could at least have punctuated that headline. He added that he had taken a pledge that he would never cross the Atlantic until they should build a bridge but that he did not know at the time that Oxford would confer a degree upon him.

At Oxford he mingled with American Rhodes Scholars in their club the night before the Encaenia. Your writer was one of the youthful scholars under the benefactions of the great empire builder and statesman. I write from memory after an interval of more than forty years. Naturally, I was completely dazed. I had grown up with Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn. I had broken down in tears more than once over "The Prince and the Pauper." Our distinguished guest was most informal and kept us in gales of laughter, but I recall only one of the quips of that occasion. Twain was an inveterate cigar smoker. He spoke of the German emperor—Frederick William, I think it was—who smoked two cigars simultaneously. Mark Twain said he bought his own cigars by the barrel but never smoked more than one at a time.

The convocation at which the degree was conferred was possibly the most unusual one ever held. In it were distinguished figures in every walk of life and

from many parts of the world. Royalty, statesmen, scholars, scientists, soldiers and sailors, artists, authors, and churchmen were all represented among those honored with degrees. I have traveled hundreds of thousands of miles in America, Europe, Africa, and Asia, but I am sure that I have never seen such an assemblage of illustrious personages — so many men who had acquired distinction of the first order by their efforts and contributions to mankind.

There were too many to cite them all; here we mention a few of the outstanding ones. First of all, presiding over this distinguished gathering was Lord Curzon, Chancellor of the university and at one time Viceroy of India. Among those receiving the highest honor that the university could bestow were: Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Prime Minister; Baron Alverstone, Lord Chief Justice; the Speaker of the House of Commons; Whitelaw Reid, the American Ambassador; Sir Edward Grey, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; Baron Loreburn, Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain; Lord Charles Beresford, Commander-in-Chief of the Channel Fleet; Field Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood; Auguste Rodin, sculptor and President of the International Society of Painters and Sculptors; General William Booth, Commander-in-Chief of the Salvation Army; Lord Archbishop of Armagh, the Primate of Ireland; Sir Norman Lockyer, astronomer and physicist; Professor Archibald Sayce, Assyriologist; Camille Saint-Saens, musician; Rudyard Kipling, author and poet; and, of course, our own Mark Twain, the subject of these remarks.

Nothing could be more formal than the ceremonies of an Encaenia in the ancient Sheldonian Theatre of Oxford. The audience on the main floor is composed exclusively of members of councils, officials, and scholars with advanced

degrees; the first gallery is reserved for ladies and distinguished guests; the small gallery at the top is allotted to undergraduates. The capacity is very limited, and only two tickets were available at my college, one of which I was fortunate to secure by an early application. So dignified are the proceedings that only Latin is spoken. Something beyond the comprehension of Americans, however, is the unbridled heckling and "wisecracking" which undergraduates loudly shout from the upper gallery.

The gallery performance made more of an appeal to Mark Twain than the chief ceremony below in spite of its great impressiveness. The sallies of wit which the Oxford lads put on really touched a responsive chord in the world's leading humorist and student of boy nature.

Each candidate for a degree at Oxford is presented by a public orator who delivers a eulogy and recommends that the chancellor confer the degree. Mark Twain was presented by Professor Bywater, Regius Professor of Greek and author of numerous texts widely used at one time in this country. Professor Bywater did not possess a hair on his head; Twain's great shock of hair was his most conspicuous personal characteristic. After one lad had asked him from the gallery, "Mark, what did you do with the Ascot Gold Cup?" another in Yankee accents, inquired, "Mark, couldn't you tell that chap how to grow some hair?" With this our great lover of fun began to laugh and waved at the boys, something probably never done before in this august ceremony.

The Chancellor conferred the degree of doctor of letters with this citation:

"Samuel Langhorne Clemens, vir jucundissime, lepidissime, facetissime, qui totius orbis terrarum latera nativa tua hilaritate concutis, ego, auctoritate, mea et totius universitatis admitto te ad gradum, Doctoris in Litteris, honoris causa." (Samuel Langhorne Clemens, most charming, most facetious man, you who shake the borders of the whole universe

by your inborn merriment, by my authority and the whole university I admit you to the degree of Doctor of Letters, honoris causa.)

No one, with the possible exception of General Booth, the patriarch of the Salvation Army, who looked like a veritable Moses, received an ovation comparable to that of America's humanist from that galaxy of world celebrities. The last time I saw Mark Twain he was sitting after the crowd had left the Sheldonian Theatre, autographing programs, with a lively line of Oxford lads still coming.

SONNET TO MUSIC

Katherine Vaughn

A magic isle is music, and the goal
Of my desire. A wondrous world of
dreams
Lies there, beyond the shores of time.
My soul
Is free, upon that isle, and catches
themes
Celestial. My heart, as young as youth,
Sings high, remembering not the sorry
tale
Of passing time, nor feels the sting of
truth
It would forget, in dreams that cannot
fail.

While music plays her song of youth
and spring,
My dream is fair. Though time will end
the song,
Some threads of tone, like gossamer will
cling
Around my soul, grown proud from
dreaming long;
My heart, no longer young, yet well may
keep
A dream more fair than any brought by
sleep.

Mark Twain's Mudhen Victory

Kenneth J. Barsamian

If Mark Twain were alive today he would credit Washoe, Nevada, for pushing him forth into the world with prestige and a name widely known in literary circles and also for ridding him from her confines as a fugitive from justice. For it was in the bustling, rich outpost of Washoe that the famed writer performed his final hoax and was ostracized for the one and only duel he tackled.

During the May, 1864, absence of editor Joe Goodman, Mark Twain was appointed editor-in-chief of *The Enterprise*.

Not only had he to uphold Goodman's impressive reputation but also to edit a paper popular to the miners, gamblers, merchants, ladies aid groups, and others vaccummed into the mineral-filthy city.

Soon the prolific Twain exhausted his supply of editorials. A brilliant idea found footing in his head. The employees of the editorially competitive Virginia Daily Union had failed to pay their recent subscription to the Sanitary Fund for sick and wounded soldiers.

"How is it?" Mark queried editorially, "that the Union outbid us for the flour Monday night (at an auction by the Sanitary Fund) and now repudiate their bid? Did they pledge themselves for a big amount solely to make a bigger display than *The Enterprise*? Had they any other idea than to splurge?"

Editor James Laird of the Union saw in Twain's editorial a chance to humiliate the old enemies on *The Enterprise*. "Never before in a long period of newspaper intercourse," Laird wrote, "never before in any contact with a contemporary, however unprincipled he might have been, have we found an opponent, in statement or in discussion, who had no gentlemanly sense of professional propriety, who conveyed in every word, and in every purpose of all his words, such a grovelling disregard for truth, decency, and courtesy as to seem to court the distinction only of being understood as a vulgar liar . . ."

Steve Gillis, Twain's newspaper com-patriot, was delighted with Laird's editorial. In it he saw a chance for a duel. Hadn't Goodman crippled the Union's Tom Fitch for a similar vitriolic answer years back? Hadn't Dan De Quille faced and beaten the Union's Langford Peel? Even Steve Gillis had faced three irate men at fifteen paces and come out victor.

Now was Mark Twain's opportunity! Such an insult could not be swallowed—it required blood atonement. If Mark could kill his man, it would set him up as a "gentleman," looked upon with admiration by the local civilization.

But Mark knew that he was a poor marksman. The refinements of European civilization were not found here. You couldn't dent your opponent's left ear and call it quits, or vice versa. The code required only one survivor at the finish.

But Gillis, together with the other enterprising *Enterprise* sportsmen, insisted on the duel. A vigorous, venomous challenge was extended.

Laird replied late, with the revelation that another had written the "damnation of Twain."

Twain sensed a weakness. Here was a man who would probably retrace his steps, and that's what Twain wanted. But outwardly he was pleased when the boys of the *Enterprise* egged him on to a final effort. Three bombastic letters produced the necessary reply. Laird accepted the challenge to duel at sunrise May 2, 1864, in a nearby ravine.

Before dawn both Twain and his second, Steve Gillis, were out of bed and dressed. It was pitch dark when they reached the ravine. They borrowed a barn door for a target. Against the center of the door they stood a rail with a squash at the top in representation of Laird. Laird was tall and lean, and Twain could see no intellectual gap between the squash and Laird's head unless it was in favor of the vegetable.

Dawn broke and the first faint rays of the sun thrust out of the eastern ridges. Mark practiced and practiced. He

couldn't hit the rail or the squash and even had trouble damaging the barn door. This was surely his last day . . . and the sage smelt so pungent and sweet.

He heard pistol shots in a nearby ravine and that meant James Laird was practicing too. Soon Laird would send over spies and, when they saw him miss even the door, they would laugh so hard he would hear it even unto death.

Then, at that moment, out of nowhere a mudhen crossed the field and lit on a sagebrush clump thirty paces away. Gillis, plenty discouraged, jerked his own navy Colt, aimed, and down plummeted the unfortunate bird.

Jim Laird's seconds saw this. "Who did that?" they asked.

"My man—Twain! Thirty paces."

Mark Twain let the lie dangle in the air, and it must have descended upon the shoulders of the seconds in crushing weight. Presently Laird's men went away.

The sun pitched golden demons into the countryside. Birds sang, compressors said rat-a-tat, hoists groaned. But there was no one opposing Twain in the duel. Laird was nowhere to be seen.

When Twain and Gillis reached The Enterprise office, they found a note from Laird—he absolutely refused to fight.

It had been a narrow escape. Mark found out later that the Union's guiding light had hit his target thirteen times out of eighteen. But now Laird could not hold his head up. He was disgraced and left.

Mark was a hero but for a few days. News of the duel reached Carson City and the governor. Mark had not been over kind to the territorial tribunal, Judge North. He once had dubbed him "Professor Personal Pronoun." A recent law had made duelling an offense punishable with two years imprisonment.

Judge North saw a chance to even Twain's advantage and issued a warrant for his arrest. The governor, a friend of the writer, forwarded a warning, and, when the warrant reached Nevada's borders, Mark and Steve Gillis were on a westbound stage careening through California's gold-infested mountains.

MISSING TWAIN MANUSCRIPT

Cyril Clemens

With one exception, the location of all of Mark Twain's major manuscripts is known. The manuscript of "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer" is owned by Georgetown University; the Buffalo Public Library has "Huckleberry Finn," and the Morgan Library in New York City has "Life on the Mississippi" and "Pudd'nhead Wilson." Private collectors own "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," "Following the Equator," and other minor works. "Innocents Abroad," "The Gilded Age," and "A Tramp Abroad" are known to have been sold chapter by chapter.

But the possessor of the manuscript of "The Prince and the Pauper" would find himself more prince than pauper. Mystery surrounds the disappearance of this important manuscript. If found, it would be worth fifty thousand dollars or more.

There is no record of the existence of this manuscript since it passed through the hands of the printers who handled it for publication. Two printers employed by James R. Osgood and Co., who brought out the book in 1882, remembered the manuscript. One of them seemed to recall that it was returned to Mark Twain at the author's request, and the other is of the impression that the publishing house sold it shortly after publication. Save for these meager facts, the manuscript is lost without trace, and collectors are avid for its possession. It may well be that the original rests in some attic, unknown by some heir of a former possessor.

That the manuscript could have been thrown away or burned without thought of its great value, even at the time that the printers finished with it, is inconceivable. Other important Twain manuscripts were in much demand even at that time—in fact, long before—and even the dullest person would have recognized its high commercial value.

All lovers of American literature await with high anticipation the discovery of the manuscript of "The Prince and the Pauper."

Mark Twain and Anthony Trollope, Equestrians

Mark Twain's experiences with horses do not appear to have been altogether pleasant. He relates in "Roughing It" his inability to govern the Kanaka horses in Hawaii and his sad tale of the "genuine Mexican plug." Perhaps some credence should be given to the latter-named story of the untamed horse which threw Mark Twain after he had overpaid for it, only to run away afterwards, for in a letter that he wrote to "Buffalo Bill" Cody after seeing his Wild West show Mark Commented:

Your bucking broncs were even painfully real to me, as I rode one of those outrages once for nearly a quarter of a minute.¹

A horseman of quite another sort was the English novelist Anthony Trollope. The American poet Joaquin Miller, who was in London in 1873, when Mark delivered his first lectures there, was a friend of both Trollope and Twain. Miller has left an impressive picture of the tall, broad-shouldered Trollope, mounted on a large horse and moving through the dense and admiring humanity of London's East End. It was the love of horseflesh which created a tie between Trollope and Miller. The former had spent years on horseback in Australia, Africa, and Mexico and loved to talk about horses. "And while I think he had little admiration for my works," admitted Miller, "he liked my preference for the saddle, and we rode often together." Trollope even invited Miller to his estate, where they rode and argued the merits of English and Mexican saddles.²

In July, 1873, Trollope wrote to an American friend:

Two of the wildest of your countrymen — Joaquin Miller and Mark Twain — dine with me at my club next week.³

He was referring to the noteworthy dinner at the Garrick Club which Mark Twain recorded in his autobiography thirty-four years later. From the vantage of that late date, Mark hazily recalled

a dinner tendered in Miller's honor, where nearly all the attention was directed at a noble lord and where he himself was somehow left out of the table conversation, although Trollope's "stream of faultless English" and Miller's "muddy and tumultuous currents" eddied around him.⁴

In point of fact, however, Mark Twain was one of the honored guests at that dinner, and Trollope seems seriously to have attempted to converse with him.

Trollope began "talking riding with the soup," we are told in an almost contemporaneous account of the dinner, and tried his hardest to draw Mark Twain out on his experiences with horses in the Far West. (This seems logical for, according to Miller, Mark Twain was lecturing on "Taming the Mustang."⁵) But Mark appeared thoughtful and endeavored first to turn the topic of conversation to Jerusalem, then to the weather, and even to the old masters, and finally lapsed into silence, much to Trollope's disappointment.

Before they parted that night outside of Mark's hotel in St. George's Square, Mark turned to Miller:

"Look here, old boy, why didn't you help me out of that hoss business, eh? Didn't you see me trying to talk about Jerusalem and the weather and the state of future punishments? Why, look here." And Mark drew forth eleven tickets from a Hyde Park riding academy and proffered them to Miller, saying that he had bought a dozen but, having been "scraped off" by an old mare on his first attempt to ride, he would never return there.

"What," exclaimed the poet, "don't you know how to ride?" "Never was on a horse before," answered Mark with patent exaggeration, "and never will be again. But, you see, as I am lecturing on how to ride a mustang, I thought I might know something about horses."

MARK TWAIN QUARTERLY

"But," protested Miller, "you don't mean to tell me that you know nothing about horses?" "Nothing, rothing at all," replied the humorist, "and I don't want to. You see, I'm a steamboat man."

1. Hartford Times, July 14, 1928, quoting a letter dated July 14, 1885.
2. Mark Twain, who, incidentally, did plenty of riding in the Hawaiian Islands (RI, II, ch. 23), thought that the American saddle was an abomination.
3. Michael Sadleir, "Trollope—A Commentary" (New York: 1947), p. 293.
4. Bernard De Voto, ed., "Mark Twain in Eruption" (New York and London: 1940), pp. 332-333.
5. This would appear to be the same material as the brief RI chapter (I, 24) about the Mexican plug.
6. Joaquin Miller described the dinner and its sequel in an article in the Somerville (N.J.) Unionist, reprinted in the Hartford Courant on January 9, 1883.

PATRONAGE

Lalia Mitchell Thornton

People visit a library,
And with reasons quit contrary:
 Morning paper, without buying it,
 Clip an ad, no harm in trying it;
Magazines with latest fiction,
Reference books on style and diction,
 How to run a farm or dairy,
 Colored charts, and dictionary.
Pretty girls conduct researches,
Priests get sermons for their churches.
 While a lot of us defeated
 Writers, go because it's heated.

A PIANO

Richard E. Campbell

Talented fingers caress the keyboard of
A piano.
The sounds produced, in turn, caress my
ear.
A piano.
Light, trickling brooks—a meadow lark,
An impending storm—and the storm
itself,
All in all—Glory.
A production in beauty, with a full cast.
A piano.

THERE IS NO DEATH

Laurence Housman

O Life, away with fear of death!
 For surely paradise has palms,
Where the world's trouble sinks its
breath,
 Under whose leaves lie calm.
With wings unbound from burdened
flight,
 There, in its homing bower, it sleeps;
And round its rest, from height to
height,
 Up mount the airy deeps.
Around us lies an endless birth,
 Life is to death as seven times seven;
'Tis the unfathomed airs of earth
 That make the blues of Heaven.

LINES INSCRIBED IN A VOLUME OF JOHN DONNE

W. L. Dougherty

With this, Miss C., may I present
to you who read and run,
a quaint and vivid rhyming gentle-
man — John Donne.

Metaphysics was his school,
thought plus cynic passion —
though he was never Passion's fool
Elizabethan fashion.

Beneath a stone he slept away
a minor poet's name,
until the day E. Hemingway
tolled the bells of fame.

Then was his name no longer myth,
and such was his renown,
it warranted confusion with
Jack Dunn's of Middletown.

TURNING POINT

Ivan J. Collins

When a woman has made up her mind
 That all the world is ag'inst her,
She's reached the stage where she's out-
lined
 Her future—a definite spinster.

Mark Twain in Paris

Dr. Théodor Herzl

(Translated by Alexander Behr from Dr. Herzl's Feuilletons)

Rumbling ahead of me in the Faubourg St. Honore is a large old-fashioned 'bus painted in colours unlike those usually to be seen in these parts. It has no conductor but, while on the top there is an unoccupied seat, the inside is crowded with unmistakably English girls. An old lady occupies the corner seat, a girl on her lap. As the curious vehicle comes bustling downhill, the air is filled with the chatter of schoolgirls' voices . . . it must be a boarding school, and I can guess where they are off to—they are going to hear Mark Twain, who is reading his works at the British Embassy. I proved right, as now I can see the 'bus from a distance stopping outside the Embassy. By the time I reach the place, walking slowly, the noisy little party has alighted and its members are marching in pairs across the courtyard with earnest looks on their faces.

The house stands between the court and the garden, with a strip of granite path in the centre of the gravel walk leading from the gate to the house. A small trade mark indicates that this pathway was made in England, the right of way on both sides being reserved for the stately carriages that enter the grounds.

Here you see real English dignity. The lackeys wear white, shining wigs. The halls are chilly, but they appear to be inhabited, though perhaps only rarely. In the largest hall there are rows of gilded chairs, covered with red silk of floral designs. Chairs like these can be seen, when touring the countryside, in the mansions of the absentee gentry, and one does not expect them to be used; but here people do sit on them, though not without discomfort.

The audience consists of ladies of all ages, from tenderest youth to the years of maturity. Very few men are present and, save for the three or four journal-

ists, there is not a Frenchman among them. What a delight, and how soothing to the eye are these young maidens in their first bloom, with their gentle faces, amid floating fair hair. These graceful creatures conjure up visions of green lawns and tennis balls flying through the air. But one cannot delight in their beauty without a feeling of emotion, for it is as fleeting as the very spring which brought them forth and which they call to mind.

The hall fills almost imperceptibly. The people converse with one another in hushed voices, inaudibly, for they have a passion for respectability.

Imagine to yourself an equal number of French Society ladies occupying this very hall. What a rustle of dresses, and what chatter! *Ma chère!* And if they had managed to maintain silence, their glances would have darted, questioning, answering, laughing, envying, suspecting, greeting, and flirting. But this nation is placidity personified.

Every Englishman has his gaze fixed on an invisible point one and a half yards away from the tip of his nose. He is either very serious or very jolly — nothing in between. Whenever I cast a glance at Lord Dufferin, I cannot take him for an Englishman because he laughs too much—a rather icy, unpleasant, and gruesome sort of laughter, but laughter nevertheless. He is called Dufferin and Ava, but the second name is more fitting because it sounds like Alba. His wrinkled, weather-beaten sallow countenance, with his pointed nose and sparse patch of beard thickening on the chin would have set well on a Spanish Ruff, and he would have been hated as a Stadholder in the Netherlands. He now stands at the door, his eyes fixed on the audience, but without that one-and-a-half-yards point in front of him. There are also two or three others in the doorway observing someone whom I can-

not see, but I am sure it is Mark Twain, judging by the demeanour of these gentlemen in gleeful expectation of the celebrated humorist's arrival. Here he comes, the most famous jester of two hemispheres. He shakes hands with an old man, who bursts into laughter and whose face lights up with joy. I am sure that all Mark Twain said to him was "good evening," but could one imagine Mark Twain uttering a word that wasn't funny? Well, it is he. A smallish, slim, somewhat slovenly looking man, with artistic grey locks, a thick moustache hanging under a hooked nose, a blank gaze, flabby cheeks, and a pointed chin. This is Mr. Clemens (as he is known in civil life), but I pictured Mark Twain to myself differently; I cannot say how, but not like this—of course, I am not blaming him for it. The outstanding features in that face are his eyebrows—splendid, energetic, bushy, protruding eyebrows that twirl upwards and which indicate at once both the good and the stinging nature in Mark Twain.

His humour is something immense, overpowering, and shattering—great chunks of humour intended for a people that doesn't smile. Once an Englishman makes up his mind to laugh, he means to do so wholeheartedly; he lets himself go, and he laughs until his sides split. And it is this little man who is responsible for this huge laughter wherever the English tongue is spoken, reaching the widest field.

If one had to choose in what language to write in order to reach and influence the largest and most conscious audience, one would undoubtedly choose English. French, of course, reaches a wide circle, but Frenchmen's memories are too short for their literature of yesterday, and, in this, readers of French follow them. As for German, German appreciation of letters is too well known.

It is well worth studying Mark Twain's audience in this elegant hall of Her Majesty's Embassy to see with what respect Mr. Clemens is received, with what

respect and veneration. He is indeed a remarkable reader, but Mark Twain's subjects are not suitable for his reading. He makes of them something totally different from what they are intended to be, and it is really funny in itself to see how he spoils his remarkable pieces by his remarkable reading. He is an artist in writing and a master in recitation, but one is nevertheless disappointed because this is not how one pictured his style, which is coarse, dry, surly, with an occasional twinkle under his primeval eyebrows. Little Mr. Clemens is far too sharp and clever, and he seems, strangely enough, bent on obtaining more effect from the reading than from the work itself. I can only surmise that he must be much in demand as a reader and that he has acquired the actor's mannerisms. The more one listens to him, the more one's suspicions grow, and one is inclined to think that every movement is carefully studied, however natural he may actually be—for he is naturalness itself. His very slips are striking for they tend to illustrate the taste of those for whom his mannerisms are assumed. The public want value for their money, and if they pay for a recital, there has to be something in it. This explains why everything is so thickly laid on and so realistically portrayed, why he makes such unnecessary gesticulations when he has not already slipped his hand into his waistcoat pocket, and it also explains why he acts the comedian. Whenever he would express surprise, he staggers backwards, even jumps about, and when he wants to show embarrassment, he rubs his nose, his mouth, and his clean-shaven cheeks. Finally, he scratches his head, and I regret having to record that this gave rise to some annoyance to the public who consisted mainly of English people, unaccustomed to such American familiarity.

The reading has come to an end. There has been a good deal of laughter. Lord Duffering and Ava with a deferential smile shake the hand of the celebrated humorist, whose fame will live when there will be nothing left of His Lordship, either of Dufferin or Ava.

As the audience do not know whether it is already time to depart, a gentleman steps forward and proposes a vote of thanks, in a few well chosen words, to Mr. Clemens for his recital and to Lord Dufferin for the loan of the hall, and so as to give a hint that the proceedings, as well as his speech, have ended, he calmly applauds his own concluding words. No one seems to be surprised, and they clap their hands, thus indicating that they have taken the hint, and rise.

Again, with earnest looks on their faces, they take their departure, fixing their gaze on that one-and-a-half-yards point hovering in front of them, and move slowly across the courtyard. They all keep to the gravel path as if it were a bridge with water on both sides—they move out of the gate. This is Paris. Paris the all-embracing, that contains all worlds. How remarkable indeed that the English manage to keep themselves so distinctly apart for such a length of time even in this multifarious Paris. As I stand there at the gate and gaze after Mark Twain's audience, I can follow them up to the Rue Royale. They do not disperse, and they do not get lost among the large number of other people in the street. It seems as if they all know one another, and belong to one company. Here is the clue to the riddle of their peculiarity, both in small and great things. It is this peculiarity which accounts for their survival.

Appendix

One of my American Press colleagues asked me to deputise for him at Mark Twain's recital. Hesperus M. Dark was himself rather busy that afternoon in connection with several sporting events. "You are no doubt aware," he wrote, "of the way I keep my readers posted. Minneapolis Bluffs is a serious paper. What we want are facts, nothing but facts, no matter whether they have taken place or not. It so happens that I have got to be present at the contest of several important events, and I need

only mention that the holder of the thousand-kilometre record of the monocoyle race is being seriously challenged by a newcomer. I have then to attend the Lavallois football match to be played between the English and French amateurs, which is of political importance as the friendly relations of two nations are at stake. Besides, seeing that you know what a game of football is, you will be aware that serious accidents are not unlikely, with injuries of a serious nature. After dinner I have to attend a race of old crocks. I shall be glad therefore if you would "cover" Mark Twain for me, and don't forget—facts! Our readers don't want European embellishments. Cordially yours, Hesperus M. Dark, correspondent of the Minneapolis Bluffs."

I prepared the following "copy," and seeing that the Minneapolis Bluffs has an entirely different set of readers, I do not think that I have committed any breach of journalistic etiquette by publishing it again here.

A Gross Deception

(From our Paris special correspondent)
(On our own cable)

If the mere fact of having kept out of prison is considered sufficient reason for admission into Society, then all those who attended at the British Embassy were indeed aristocrats. There is no doubt about it. We spotted there a certain Absalom Davison, of whom the older inhabitants of Hebron (Minnesota) no doubt still cherish unpleasant memories. This horse-lover now resides in Paris, and one can often see him driving horses which may or may not have been stolen. There too we recognised Honest John, although he now has a bald patch on his head, and we also noticed other gentlemen who, thirty or forty years ago, would have known better how to while away their afternoons. Now they cannot go in for long-distance runs, hence the intellectual pastime.

It was a distinct blunder that, at the

meeting of the Embassy, nothing was handed round. Your correspondent lost a half crown bet against the representative of the London Times in connection with the serving out of whisky, but there was nothing of it to be seen. Apart from this, the Ambassador, Lord Dufferin, knows his job, which is no easy task. He has got to represent Great Britain all day long and often late into the night, which requires a sound digestion. Some people may ask what does being a representative mean? Well, to represent means to occupy a nice house and to watch that the furniture isn't pinched. The furniture belongs to one's country, and because of its value the representative must needs be a gentleman who is trustworthy. Charges d'affaires are always reliable people, and one can be sure that nothing will disappear. It is also the Ambassador's duty to read the Gazette every night in order that he may be acquainted with the views of the Government of the day. The perusal of the Gazette is even more costly than the annual subscription to the paper itself, and, take it from me, the cost is even greater than the whole edition and all that's in it. But every great nation is obliged to have a Charge d'affaires at the other great nations, who reads the Gazette and prepares reports from it. These have to arrive not later than the special editions of the paper but obviously not much later, because, should it ever happen that the newspaper correspondents have simultaneously all got drunk, or all gone mad, a Government with a good representative would nevertheless still be partially aware of what has happened.

Every Wednesday all the Ambassadors meet at the Foreign Office and pour out their souls to one another, and there is nothing more disagreeable than this. If it had not been for the fact that the cognac offered at the Foreign Office was really good stuff, then many an Ambassador would have wished that his father had taught him some other trade or profession when he was young. But the cognac is really good, and one can

imbibe it ad lib. But the most important thing about this Ambassador business is that they are liable to recall, and, when that happens, it means that war has broken out. Diplomats, therefore, in fact preserve peace, because so long as they are there, there is Peace. I take it that all those who intended to pester me with questions as to what representation means are now satisfied, otherwise they must be fools. I only wish to add about Lord Dufferin that he knows his business and that he is a second father to the Britishers who come to Paris. An Ambassador must not only know how to act as one but also be able to tell who's who. Lord Dufferin and Ava is not concerned with pedigree so long as one is a master of the arts and sciences. I was obliged to dilate on these points as otherwise no one would be aware what I am reporting about.

A certain Samuel Clemens declared here in a bar at No. 7, Rue Montmartre, in the presence of several Americans, that he would see himself hanged if he could not recite Mark Twain's sketches better than any one else. This reached the ears of Lord Dufferin, who took it to be a challenge, and he would certainly have been ashamed of himself had he not taken it up. Advantage was then taken of a charitable occasion in order to give Samuel Clemens an opportunity of proving his claim.

I listened to Samuel Clemens and I will not conceal here my opinion, and there is no reason why I should. Samuel Clemens does not know how to recite Mark Twain's sketches. He may delude the drunkards of Rue Montmartre, but he can't mislead anyone who knows what recitation means. This fellow Samuel Clemens promised to give a reading, but it was anything but a semblance of a reading. The metal spectacles on his nose mean nothing at all, anyone can put metal spectacles on his nose; but to give a recital, why, that is something totally different. Samuel Clemens chose a sketch which is included in Mark Twain's book, "The 1,000,000 Pound Note," which describes the misadventure

of an American party travelling in Switzerland. Starting out without a guide, they want to proceed to Bayreuth but have no notion where it is. A member of the party acts as the courier—"Playing Courier" is the title—but lands in a scrape and his friends with him too. He believes he has lost his letter of credit, and is nearly locked up claiming it, and so on. There is really nothing more agonising than the ill-temper of such a party, stranded in the middle of Europe where only German and French are spoken. Samuel Clemens was quite unable to convey this nuance, and if ever there was a nuance here was one. And indeed, how terrible it is to lose a letter of credit. Anyone in such a predicament would surely have torn his hair out, but Samuel Clemens did nothing of the kind. I think this only proves that Samuel Clemens had no notion how to interpret what he intended and what he undertook to do, with the proviso that he would be hung if he failed. If anyone was ever miles out of it, it was he.

Samuel Clemens read two other sketches which were much the best, one about the absurdities of the German language and the other about interviews. Everyone is acquainted with the comic side of the German language, and people have laughed themselves silly over split verbs, and isn't it really funny that there should be three articles: der, die, das? Mark Twain, too, hits at the German grammar and pokes fun at it. Foreigners are funny, aren't they? In German, "woman" is neuter, and so on. Here my praise ends, and I want to deal with the sketch about the interviewer. I really can't stand people making fun of my profession, and those who do would be incapable of jotting down on paper five lines fit to print. Mark Twain may be forgiven because he is master of our craft, even though he favoured his own fame to that of others. Ours is a profession that depends on the way it is carried out.

I waited for Samuel Clemens at the exit and I addressed a few kindly words to him: "Clemens, old boy," I said, "I don't want to be personal, but you

simply lied when you claimed to be the best reader of Mark Twain. This sort of fraud can only be played on ignorant or genteel folk. Do take on another job. What about boot cleaning? I shall certainly not let you give another reading anywhere else. Mind you, should I ever get to know that you intend to do so, then I shall see to it that I am there, and I must already express my sympathy to you in advance for any injuries which a Medical Police Officer may subsequently testify that you have sustained. I reckon it would mean the loss of an eye, a few teeth, and one or two broken ribs."

We then shook hands and went our ways. I think he must have taken my hint.

To a Bishop of Northern Canada
(who pilots his own aeroplane over great distances)

Terence Heywood

Far flyer in a flighty age, ignoring
Spaces though always up to time, time
soaring
God won't forget you, O "pillar of the
Church"—
Or, rather, flying buttress of the Church.

LEARNING BY DEGREES
Jacob C. Solovay

(President Truman receives his tenth degree although he never was graduated from college.—News item.)

Let your Truman be your guide;

College is redundant.

Why risk mental suicide?

Trouble is abundant.

Do not cram unhappy

Things into your ken;

Why endure the third degree?

Look at Truman's ten!

He grows cheerful, if not fat,

At the White House plate;

You frequent the Automat,

Ruing man's estate.

Cancel quick your college stay,

Ere you will repent.

Get degrees the easy way—

Be the President.

A Note Concerning Joseph Pulitzer

Dr. Adolphe de Castro

Author of "The Hybrid Prince of Egypt"

I am writing these lines exactly sixty-five years after I arrived in the city of San Francisco. The date was November 20, 1884. Although I had a number of languages, ancient and modern, at my command, English was not one of them, and when I spoke this language then, persons could understand it only by divine inspiration.

I had gone from St. Louis, where I had been active as a writer on a German daily, *Die Westliche Post* — and, incidentally, had organized the second Ethical Culture Society in the United States — to San Francisco.

As I sat in the Pullman I was wondering if the western city was a replica of St. Louis with its beer emporia and German of all the dialects in the fatherland, and whether I was going from Purgatory to Hell.

Worry sat like a black owl on my brow — likely the reason why none of my fellow travelers spoke to me. Outside the aspect was not inviting. The snow blanketing the landscape appeared gray and deadly. To increase my depression, the train entered a tunnel, and the inferior lighting increased my morbid condition. Shutting my eyes, I pressed my fevered brow against the window-glass. It soothed me. It was a long tunnel.

Suddenly my sense perceived light. I opened my eyes but closed them quickly. It appeared too fantastic to believe what I saw. The world was flooded with sunshine. Above the snow seemed aflame. Below there was the brightest of bright green which, bathed in sunshine, contrasted enchantingly with the snow on the higher levels.

The train raced along, as if the ponderous mechanism that pulled the long train felt the gladness of the moment. The passengers began to sing. By the gracious gods! They actually sang, and their song opened the floodgates of

my emotion; I took my head in both my hands, bent, and wept.

On the tenth of November of last year I recalled that moment. I have lived in California and have learned to love it, and on my ninety-first birthday I wrote the following descriptive lines.

Dear Golden State, you have not missed
A single blessing Nature pours
On those she loves; the seas have kissed
For ages your enchanting shores;
You're favored with all that is best
For man to make you truly great;
To crown you queen of all the West,
Man bridged for you the Golden Gate.

Upon your hills and valleys broods
The western spirit of the free;
The planted orchard fruit exudes
The fragrance of an Eden tree;
In your domain man feels alive,
His heart is glad and rich his mind;
For he and nature jointly strive
To tell the world that you are kind.

You favor those who seek your clime
In hope it will their health restore,
And find it realized in time
On mountain heights or ocean shore;
Beneath your feet the ocean sighs,
Above sequoia trees proclaim
In whispers the dawn's early rise,
Which decks the hills with lambent flame.

Your coastal shore in places dips
Into the vast Pacific deep,
And Sol each rising billow lips,
Before he sets and sinks to sleep;
You're California, the blest,
The fair, the beauteous, the strong,
You are the queen of all the West,
A poet's dream, his grateful song.

I am glad to have lived in California and from the depths of my heart can give this grateful tribute to a state which is beginning even now to make its power felt in industry, in commerce, and in population. Here is room for the millions yet unborn, and here is health and wealth beyond dreams of avarice. The two queen cities, Los Angeles and San Francisco, are the start of an empire economists have yet to study and appreciate.

Let me return to that unforgettable day in the train. While the people sang and I was, elbows on my knees, holding my chin in my cupped hands, someone spoke to me in German. I looked up, and worry fled. He was a writer in St. Louis and wrote for *Der Anzeiger des Westens*, a daily German paper owned by Joseph Pulitzer, who later founded the Post-Dispatch. The man who spoke to me was supposed to be my enemy for the paper on which he worked was a Democrat-owned sheet and was held in light esteem by Dr. Emil Praetorius, who, with Carl Schurz, had founded *Die Westliche Post*. Both these men had fought in the Civil War on the side of the North and were ardent Republicans. But this man—he was by twenty years my senior—liked me very much and frequently over a big stein of beer poured out his heart over Pulitzer, whom he called a slavedriver.

I lent but half an ear to his tirades for, with the exception of inches—Pulitzer was tall, black-bearded, and miopic—the two could pass for twins. I liked him, not so much on account of his style for it was slovenly German, but because of his learning. He did me the honor to think me learned, and we often celebrated beery excursions at the then famous Tony Faust Cafe. We had become friends.

His appearance at the moment was a godsend. We talked over breakfast, over luncheon, and all the afternoon until San Francisco was announced and each passenger stood up to have the dust distributed evenly on his clothes, for which one had to pay a fee. Our talk was mostly of German politics. I was not then sufficiently instructed to know much about the three types of the American politician, the famous, the non-famous, and the in-famous with his manner of serving himself at the expense of the people. Neither inquired what either was going to do in the city of San Francisco. At the station we shook hands, parted, and I have not heard from him since.

His information about Joseph Pulitzer

was not at all unfavorable, although he censured him for paying so little for work worth a great deal, as he assured me, and I believed. Dr. Praetorius was not so benevolent when speaking of Pulitzer, who had two bad qualities, as Dr. Praetorius avowed. One was that Pulitzer was a Jew and the other was that he was a Hungarian.

I often saw Pulitzer in St. Louis but never spoke to him. In fact, I was afraid of him. Dr. Praetorius—being a good bit of a cat—had filled me with tales about Pulitzer, who, he said, being a Democrat, had no business to live anyhow. It was only a short 18 years after the Civil War, and the bloody shirt was being paraded politically, although Dr. Praetorius did not deny that Pulitzer was very able but, being a Democrat, he was quite impossible. I took the doctor seriously and perhaps missed a trick. However, it is fun in retrospect, only I wish the two old cronies were now living. What fun I would have with them.

But I was destined to meet Joseph Pulitzer some years later in California. It was after the publication in the San Francisco Examiner of "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter," which Ambrose Bierce had revised and which delighted me so that I deemed the \$200 I paid for the revision little and begged him to put his name with mine. This he did "reluctantly," as the phrase has it, and when it was published my name came first and Bierce's second. But I felt it a distinction to have his name with mine. This publication took place September 18, 1891. A year later I vacationed in the Hotel Coronado, Coronado Island, California. I was treated with fine courtesy by the room clerk, who had read "The Monk." He told me that Mr. Pulitzer of the New York World was staying at the hotel and asked if I had met him. As I had not met Mr. Pulitzer socially, I thought it might be nice to meet the former opponent of *Die Westliche Post*, and so told the clerk. He told me, "Mr. Pulitzer is sitting on the veranda; if you wish, I will introduce you."

Mr. Pulitzer peered at me. "The name is familiar," he said and bade me take a seat.

I felt lizzards run down my spine. Suppose he recalled the frisky young writer who had once rubbed him the wrong way. But he started the conversation by asking the origin of "The Monk." I told him that it was a literal translation of the German *Der Moench von Berchtesgaden* by Richard Voss, and we soon drifted into a discussion of German literature and philosophy. I felt greatly honored by the attention he gave my statements. And, being a philosopher, I adhered to a principle I had established for the elucidation of "Wisdom," which, I said, is the know-how of coordinating knowledge and experience to general advantage.

Mr. Pulitzer cogitated for some time what I had said. Somehow I began to grow uneasy, when a Western Union boy came up the steps to the veranda. The clerk called the boy, who handed him a telegram. When the boy had gone, the clerk brought the telegram. "For you, Mr. Pulitzer," he said, and withdrew.

Mr. Pulitzer read the telegram, then took hold of the lobe of his ear, and peered at me.

"Doctor," he said, who is going to be the next President?"

"I am not a prophet, but I know that Benjamin Harrison will not be re-elected."

"Quite sure?" he asked. "How do you do it?"

"Well, Mr. Pulitzer, I'll confess I am an ardent Republican, but in 1883 I told a man in Indiana that Jim Blaine would not be elected President of the United States but that the New York sheriff, Grover Cleveland, would be the next President. That is the only explanation I can give, Mr. Pulitzer."

Mr. Pulitzer again peered at me, then handed me the telegram. His editor was

asking instructions whether the World would support Grover Cleveland for the presidency.

Reading that telegram, I saw a bit of Fate in it but hesitated to say something lest it prove to be a boomerang, and I did not want Benjamin Harrison to be President of the United States a second time. And then Mr. Pulitzer spoke.

"Would you support Mr. Cleveland, Doctor?"

"Against Benjamin Harrison, yes."

Mr. Pulitzer, taking back the telegram, said, "You have just now made a President of the United States, Doctor. And now let us have lunch."

Some time ago I wrote his son, Ralph, whose office was in the World Building in New York, of the above incident, and on March 25, 1925, he wrote:

"I was very much interested in the anecdote you related concerning my father in your letter just received. I should be glad to see you next Friday, March 29, at two-thirty here at my office. If this time is convenient, please telephone my secretary that I may expect you then.

"Faithfully yours

"Ralph Pulitzer."

This virtually ends the story of my acquaintance with Pulitzer, Senior, and Pulitzer, Junior. I found the latter a very charming person without the brusqueness of the elder Pulitzer, who was, nonetheless, a great man.

Those who have not fallen asleep over this reminiscence might be interested to read some day "The Journal of a Voluntary American." It has a good deal of Americana the average citizen knows not at all. And the stories the Voluntary American tells from school, politically and otherwise during the sixty-five years of his pilgrimage in the United States and elsewhere might offer a bit of entertainment for a long winter's night.

Out of the East, The Story of the Wayward Bohemian Genius of the East, Lafcadio Hearn

Dennis Wepman

Perhaps no author of the nineteenth century lived as strange and varied a life as Lafcadio Hearn. From his birth on the Ionian island of Santa Maura—the ancient Lefcadia, which explains his name—to his death in Tokyo, Japan, his life followed a path exotic and unusual.

Hearn came by his strange behavior and tastes naturally. His parents were as far from the average as was he himself. His father, Charles Hearn, a surgeon-major with the British army stationed on the Ionian Islands off Greece, was a much-talked-of Don Juan and could boast gypsy blood; his mother was a lovely Greek. In 1850 their first-born, Lafcadio, made his appearance. He never forgot that those rocks among which he played as a child witnessed the self-destruction of Sappho.

The hectic movement and constant change which later characterized Hearn's life began at the age of six, when his father was called to Dublin and the family left the islands. The marriage of his parents soon after dissolved, and little Lafcadio was sent to live with a fanatically religious great-aunt, Sarah Brenane. Great-aunt Sarah sent him to one religious school after another, but he never lasted long in any. He was a naturally unpopular child because of his aloofness and shyness, and he often used to announce to classes and teachers that he was an atheist. This never much pleased the priests who tried to instill religion in him. Finally, in despair, his great-aunt sent him to live on his own in Paris, with nothing to show for his religious training but an intense hostility and the blindness of his left eye, the result of a schoolyard game.

He starved in Paris. After a few months in the workhouse he went to London. He starved in London and, disgusted with Europe, came to the land of opportunity—America.

Hearn had by this time broken with his great-aunt and so was left to his own devices in America. He decided to become a writer. It is doubtful whether he could have survived as a writer—or survived at all—if he had started in another country. He was badly equipped for earning a living. Not only was he tiny—5 feet 3 inches tall—and nearly blind, but he was as shy as an African pygmy and as quick to take offense as one of the Three Musketeers.

He starved in New York and then again in New Orleans, but it was an era of prosperity in the United States, and there were perhaps more acts of casual charity than ever before or since in this country. For three years he went from job to job. Then, at twenty-one, he took a job as proofreader for a small New Orleans publishing house and wrote poor articles for a Cincinnati newspaper in his spare time. For a while it looked as though he had found his sphere.

American daily journalism gave Hearn a chance he would have found in no other field. Magazines during the '70s offered more freedom of speech than they do now; they allowed him to discuss topics such as prostitution, homosexuality, and crimes of violence and to translate French novels that would be branded as Godless elsewhere.

For all his shyness and inability to talk, Hearn was always getting himself talked about. In Cincinnati he married a colored woman, Alethea Foley, and became a social outcast. He couldn't have worked for a publishing house or clerked in a shop or taught with such a scandal hanging over his head, but, fortunately, the newspapers and magazines had less rigid standards.

Still his ill-repute chafed him. He fled to various cities where he had worked, but scandal seemed to follow him. He

seemed an epitome of the Godless to so many people that his sensitive nature detected hatred everywhere. So, when he was offered a newspaper commission to spend two years in the Martinique, he accepted gladly. Here he wrote his first complete book, "Two Years in the Martinique," a rather rambling dissertation on the life and civilization of the country. He was so pleased with the two years, and so dissatisfied with the America he returned to, that he eagerly sought another such commission. The answer came in a vague sort of contract with Harper Brothers, requiring his spending a certain amount of time in Japan.

Hearn reached Tokyo in 1890. It was a period of transformation for the kingdom, and there was a shortage of qualified teachers of English. This seemed much more interesting than that old thing for Harper's, and Hearn quickly disposed of the contract with a few curt words. So again he was on his own in a strange country, but this time, instead of starving, he became a teacher of English at the middle school at Matsue. His monthly salary of 100 yen, or about \$45 in American money, made him one of the most wealthy members of the little seacoast community.

All his life up until this period Hearn had felt marked off from the rest of mankind by his small stature, his strange appearance, and especially his uneven eyes, one sunken in his skull and one protruding like the only eye of an octopus. He felt even more isolated by the scandals which had followed him since his marriage. In Japan he escaped from all this. Even his small stature ceased to worry him there since he was taller than most of his Japanese colleagues; indeed, the whole country seemed to be designed to his scale. As for his strange appearance, it now provoked fewer comments since the Japanese thought all foreigners looked strange anyway.

His two years in Matsue were probably his happiest. The officials and teachers had grown to have a personal respect

for Herun—or Hellum—or Tellum—as they called him in the various dialects. When the first winter proved unusually severe, a friend on the faculty suggested marriage as a means of keeping warm. He even provided a candidate, Setsu Koizumi, complete with impoverished family. Setsu wasn't beautiful by Japanese or any other standards, and her intelligence was limited, but Hearn said to the end that she was the best wife in the world.

Soon Hearn was supporting the entire Setsu family. He had rescued them from poverty, but the benefit of the marriage was not restricted to the family. They guarded his working hours, read Japanese books to him, learned to cook occidental food, kept him from being cheated, and, in 1896, adopted him as a son so he could be a Japanese citizen.

By this time Hearn was himself a father. On the night of the birth of his first son, he knelt at his wife's bedside and prayed in broken Japanese to his son, "Come into the world with good eyes."

Their love for the first-born was another link that held the family together. Thus this outcast had become the center of a small community. He said in a letter:

"There are nearly twelve here to whom I am Life and other things. However intolerable anything else is, at home I enter my smiling world of old ways and thoughts and courtesies . . . when I am pleased, it laughs; when I don't feel jolly, it is silent. It has become Me."* It was a moral force that would keep him in Japan until he died.

His life in Japan was not all a pleasant idyll. He moved, of necessity, to Kobe and Tokyo, where he found life sterner than in Matsue. He had to work constantly and always needed money. He wrote to earn money but at the same time wanted to produce his best possible work. He wrote nearly a volume a year in his last years, but the double effort of producing in quantity with quality finally killed him. He died in 1904, and

his funeral was performed by a Japanese archbishop. After the funeral the Setsue family shrine was moved to Papa-San's study where twice a day his children, and later his grandchildren, recited Shinto prayers before it.

While in Japan, Hearn did not stop writing for any consecutive six months. In his thirteen years there he produced eleven books.

These books, for the most part, were collections of fairy tales and essays. His essays spoke of the old world customs of the old world Japan he so loved. In them he tried, with more success than any other author had or has since attained, to defend Japan against the commonly voiced charge of having no native art and culture but being a purely imitative nation. His insistence to the contrary amounted, at times, almost to fanatical rantings, but his command of words at all times saved him from any appearance of the slightest crudeness.

Unlike "Glimpses at Unfamiliar Japan" and similar attempts at defense and interpretation were his fairy tales. Here lies, perhaps, his greatest and most lasting contribution. In such books as "Kwaidan" and "Kokoro" he has written a wealth of previously unwritten tales of old Japan, told him by his wife, friends, and family. These stories, many of which would have been lost in the more modern Japan, display a style and construction like no other nation's. In them, perhaps, is his greatest argument for a native, original Japanese culture.

As a writer, Hearn was limited in scope and depth. It can be said that his smallness and shortsightedness were literary as well as physical characteristics. His field of interest was so small that where he ventured beyond it, in spots, the results are a ludicrous fiasco. He complained in a letter that he knew nothing about the smallest practical thing:

"Nothing, for example, about a boat, a horse, a watch, a farm, a garden. Nothing about what a man ought to do

under any possible circumstances."** In short, he knew very little about the lives of ordinary human beings. And that was not his only weakness. He was never able to invent a plot. He had to beg his friends to tell him stories so he could have something to write about. He had little power of construction beyond the narrow limits of a short fairy tale or an essay. Of the sixteen books that he published in his lifetime, only one could properly be called a book — "Japan: An Attempt at Interpretation." The others are collections of short pieces or loosely constructed novelettes like "Chita" or "Youma."

Hearn was a minor artist, and his work will never occupy a very important place in the history of literature. But his place is more important than his critics are willing to admit. Although he was extremely limited, what he did he did supremely well. He had an unusual feeling for the quality of words. Like Poe, he was a master of wording and the use of words. He said, "For me words have color, form, character; they have faces, ports, manners, gesticulations; they have moods, humors, eccentricities; they have tints, tones, personalities."*** He was willing to work patiently with words—once spending two months on a single page—until they expressed exactly what he meant. He was facile with grammar, creating (no other word can be used for some of them) sentences that were at once succinct, inclusive, and rhythmical. In his New Orleans days he had earned the nickname of "Old Semicolon." But he had something greater than these, something that puts him in a select circle of authors. He had a subject.

His subject, of course, was Japan, and there has been some controversy as to whether or not he presented a true picture of it to his Western readers. That he should have lied intentionally is a foundless thought. That he should be mistaken is unlikely. He knew Japan, not as a student, an observer, but as a citizen, the adopted son of Japanese parents, the husband of a Japanese wife, the

(Continued on page 28)

A World of Rainbows

Nell Mabey

Browsing among Mark Twain's writings, I found this:

"Some think this world is made of mud; I think it's made of rainbows." The charming "Meisterschaft!"

I sighed comfortably, let the book slide from me, and fell to musing.

A world of rainbows! Entrancing!

It was raining, a gentle rain. The evening was just coming on, that pleasant time of evening when it is not yet dark. It was raining on the young elms and the old oaks. Suddenly the trees advanced, closed in.

"Sherwood Forest," said my fireside companion, looking up from her magazine and glancing out the window.

I nodded, "Or Ardennes."

A world of rainbows! Friar Tuck, Robin Hood, Maid Marian, Rosalind, Orlando! I conjured them out of the past . . . visualized them out in the rain, among the old oaks, the young elms.

A world of rainbows! Explains everything about Mark Twain, doesn't it? I signed again, happily, listened to the rain. I know him now, I said to myself. At last I know Mark Twain!

For you can't know a person until you have something to measure him by, something that will explain him; and I felt I had found the something to measure Mark Twain by, the something that would explain him.

A world of rainbows!

Of course, after that, we know the why of Susy, the gifted child. Mark Twain's poem to Susy's memory is as tender and appealing a poem as was ever penned . . . delicate . . . an etching of human pain lightened by intimations of the hope of immortality.

A world of rainbows! Now we understand "The Prince and the Pauper,"

gentle, whimsical, delightful.

A world of rainbows! Now we understand his romantic love of Joan of Arc . . . only Mark Twain could have written as he did of her . . . "her strange and beautiful history" . . . "the most extraordinary person the human race has ever produced."

A world of rainbows! Now we understand Colonel Mulberry Sellers. (It is hard to believe that Colonel Sellers was not altogether a product of Mark Twain's imagination—he is too delicious to be real.)

Now we understand Pudd'nhead Wilson. Except he had a mind filled with rainbows, could he have written the Pudd'nhead Wilsonisms? No, it is unthinkable.

Now we understand how it was he could write those poignantly beautiful descriptions . . . of Hawaii . . . the Taj Mahal . . . the ice storm . . . exquisite beyond words.

A world of rainbows! Now at last we understand Huckleberry Finn . . . the saga of boyhood. Pure literature, it has been called, as a piece of writing, but it is more than that; could even a Mark Twain, with all the literary genius in the world, have written it if he hadn't looked upon the world as made of rainbows?

"Comedy keeps the heart sweet," Mark Twain wrote, and it is true. Of Mark Twain almost more than of any other man of letters can it be said that he gathered sweetness as he grew older.

There is none who has read his life who does not know that he was possessed of a temper, a fine rare temper, a proper temper indeed. And in his writings we know that he did not hesitate to "let fly" at wrongs and oppressions and deceptions; that was the "divine irritability" he possessed in common with other great men. In this connection read his "In De-

fense of Harriet Shelley." But was he irritated!

In "Eve's Diary" he makes Eve say: "At first I couldn't make out what I was made for, but now I think it was to search out the secrets of this wonderful world and be happy and thank the Giver of it all for devising it."

Again he makes Eve say: "Even trying to find out and not finding out is just as interesting as trying to find out and finding out, and I don't know but more so."

Who could write thus except a believer in rainbows?

The rain had stopped and the night come. Well, Sherwood Forest—or Ardennes—was out there, even though I couldn't see it. And there was a sort of hum that told me the angels were winging their way outside in the darkness.

Then I thought about Mark Twain as a man, his high moral character.

"And first of all a man's duties is his duty to his own honor—he must keep that spotless." And we know that he did.

And I thought of his love for his wife, and hers for him, and their mutual devotion.

"People talk about beautiful friendships between two persons of the same sex. What is the best of that sort as compared with the friendship of man and wife, where the best impulses and highest ideals of both are the same? There is no place for comparison between the two friendships; the one is earthly, the other divine".

And then his unshakable belief in the essential nobility of man:

"A man is a man, at bottom. Whole ages of abuse and oppression cannot crush the manhood clear out of him. Whoever thinks it is a mistake is himself mistaken."

A world of rainbows!

The night was still now. But I knew that the invisible cosmos above and

around us was still functioning in perfect, orderly harmony. It was of this harmony that Mark Twain derived, the harmony of the universe at its best—a world of rainbows.

Humorist, philosopher, novelist, first among American men of letters he was, and more. Let us say he was faithful in all the relations of life. But what was it he longed for most?

"Praise is well," he wrote, "compliment is well, but affection—that is the last and final and most precious reward that any man can win, whether by character or achievement."

And we give it him, our affection, gratefully, gladly. For not only did he look upon his world as one of rainbows but he created for us a rainbow world as well.

Lafcadio Hearn

(Continued from page 26)

father of Japanese children. Yet with all this he knew what arguments would touch the Western mind. He knew very little about Japanese politics and economics but he did know Japanese minds and had a great store of Japanese legends. And that knowledge will prove to be his best claim to lasting fame.

Hearn had a gift, almost a genius, for re-telling legends, and, when all the fairy tales of the world are collected and studied comparatively, it may well be decided that this eccentric Bohemian genius, Lafcadio Hearn, was the only author in the English language who compared with the Brothers Grimm and Hans Christian Anderson.

* Elizabeth Bisland, "The Life and Letters of Lafcadio Hearn" (New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1904) p. 301.

** Ibid., p. 143.

*** Malcolm Cowley, "Lafcadio Herun-san," New Republic, April 18, '49.

William Witte's Schiller

James Boland

Schiller's chief contribution to philosophy, as Mr. Witte points out in this study* dealing with Schiller as a purely creative writer, rests in his interpretation of the significance of art in human affairs. He believed with religious ardor in the civilizing world mission of art, but he was convinced that only by achieving its highest aesthetic effect could art have a beneficial influence on morality; and it could achieve its highest aesthetic effect only by exercising complete freedom. Thus the pursuit of art for its own sake is the pursuit of both truth and goodness. The artist, in his search for beauty, is endeavoring to "make beauty the medium of truth, and by means of truth to give beauty an enduring foundation and a higher dignity." Since beauty is the fountainhead of all science and philosophy, and since art is the prime agent of all human progress, it is the artist's task to guide mankind toward the "great sea of ultimate harmony."

In deplored the irreverence of those who refuse to worship at the shrine of art, Schiller argues that "to escape from the turmoil of life you must seek refuge in the quiet sanctuary of the heart; freedom exists only in the world of dreams, and beauty flowers only in song." He concurs with Shelley that poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world and that they alone, by virtue of their genius, "which nature is ever in league with," can lead mankind toward new horizons. Having seen Elysium from afar, the poet can conjure up a vision of it in his art for others to see — "and what the artist promises, Nature will surely fulfill."

With such an exalted conception of the essential function of the artist, it follows that Schiller should lay stress on the importance of an "aesthetic education," without which, he holds, technical and scientific achievements are of uncertain value; for as life becomes more complex man grows increasingly

confused in his views and sense of values. He becomes cynical and insincere in his relations with his fellow men. He tends to ignore the fundamental laws of nature, believing himself to be the supreme law-maker. But sooner or later "Nature awakes, and the hollow fabric crumbles under the heavy iron hands of time and necessity until—like a tigress who has broken out of her cage and with sudden ferocity remembers her native jungle—mankind arises and, in a frenzy of crime and misery, seeks a long-lost Nature amid the ruins of its cities." Yet Schiller does not suggest that art offers a panacea for the world's ills; he merely believes that the liberating, cleansing, and ennobling influence of art enables man to make the most of his material achievements without becoming a slave to them, and without becoming a stranger to nature and to the "Soul-politic." Art, making for profundity and wisdom, helps man to cope with the problems of his existence and to rise to the occasions which life affords him. Since modern man must not look back or give himself up to nostalgic reminiscences of a vanished past, but go forward toward a new era of greater happiness and prosperity, art, Schiller believed, would help him to find the way.

* "Schiller," by William Witte. Modern Language Studies. Oxford: Basil Blackwell.

TO A FLY

Adelaide Coker

O, Little Fly, I scorn you so,
Of this there is no doubt,
Because I slyly concentrate
On rubbing your species out—

Yes, Little Fly, I must confess
An inferiority feeling
Every time I see you walk
Upside down across the ceiling.

Mark Twain and Heidelberg

Gault MacGowan

The Neckar River—immortalized by Mark Twain in his “Tramp Abroad”—has been fiddled about with and regulated so much since then by German engineers that no pilgrim in Clemens’ footsteps could repeat his journey today.

Sam Clemens planned in America to walk up its pretty valley. But when he got there, there seemed no good reason why he should not go up by train as there was a convenient one just starting. And when he got as far as he wished, he thought, he could do the walking on the way back. But this opportunity was denied him as a fleet of lumbermen’s rafts came along. He bought one and saved shoe leather.

But the rafts don’t flow downstream to the Rhine any more. The river has been canalized, criss-crossed with dams, and locks built to go from what looks like one lake to another. So all the fun and adventure of shovin’ and haulin’ over flats and narrows is gone. The keen walker could come down in a river steamer today, and as for logs, big steel barges do all the pit-prop transportation to the Ruhr.

The old thrills have gone. The students duelling hall in old Heidelberg is closed for the battles Sam wrote about. It is a museum of the art today. Only the newspapers he kidded remain as dull, as windy, and as long-worded as ever.

The old cab horse that he sketched as a relic of the famous Baron Goetz von Berlichingen—dramatized by Goethe—is dead, and you take a taxicab today. But the baronial castle still stands, and is still inhabited by the Von Berlichingen family.

Von Berlichingen, according to Goethe, said the German equivalent of “Nuts” to the Kaiser of his day and age. In truth, he did not say it to quite so exalted a personage, but the fact remains that to say “My name is Berlichingen” in German means just “Nuts to you!”

And that is what one of Hitler’s generals thought was meant when a youthful officer clicked his heels and introduced himself as Von Berlichingen.

The general’s face went livid. The young officer saw no reason to apologize—his name really was Von Berlichingen. He left the Nazi general to find that out from his aide and think what he liked in the meantime.

MARK TWAIN AND BERNARD SHAW

G. Bernard Shaw

I met Mark Twain, late in his lifetime, on two occasions. On one of his visits made to London by my biographer, Archibald Henderson, I met him at the railway station, and found that Mark had come over in the same boat and was in the same train. There was a hasty introduction amid the scramble for luggage which our queer English way of handling passengers’ baggage involves, and after a word or two I tactfully took myself and Henderson off.

Some days later he walked into our flat in Adelphi Terrace. Our parlormaid, though she did not know who he was, was so overcome by his personality that she admitted him unquestioned and unannounced, like the statue of the Commandant.

Whether it was on that occasion or later that he lunched with us I cannot remember; but at any rate he did lunch with us and told us stories of the old Mississippi storekeepers. He presented me with one of his books and autographed the inside of the cloth case on the ground that when he autographed fly leaves they were taken out and sold.

He had a complete gift of intimacy which enabled us to treat one another as if we had known one another all our lives, as indeed I had known him through his early books, which I read and revelled in before I was twelve years old.

The Quarterly Recommends

(The following books may be obtained through the Quarterly.)

Heywood Broun: A Biographical Portrait, by Dale Kramer. (Current Books, Inc.) A well-rounded and lively written account of the noted journalist who founded the Newspaper Guild.

Your Sense of Humor, by Julius Gordon. (Didier, Publishers) Rabbi Gordon proposes a pattern for self-help through cultivation of one's sense of humor and eloquently points out the tremendous advantages of such a design for living. In a world suffering from boredom springing from inner spiritual poverty the author plans a rejuvenated life.

50 Years in Law and Politics, by W. S. Jewell. (Exposition Press) Interesting and amusing recollections of a Midwest country lawyer. With the double perspective of private citizen and public servant, Judge Jewell is in an especially good position to assess the changes in manners and customs of the past half century.

Writings from Willa Cather's Campus Years, edited by James R. Shively. (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press) This scholarly-edited and fascinating work throws light on a period of Cather's life, the years 1890 to 1895, hitherto ignored, while she was a student at the University of Nebraska. During these important years she began to write seriously and extensively.

The Story of Franklin D. Roosevelt, by Marcus Rosenblum. (Simon and Schuster) A charmingly written and well-illustrated account of F.D.R.'s career for young people.

The Lincoln of the Thirtieth Congress, by Roy D. Packard. (Boston: Christopher Publishing House) Congressman Lincoln is shown as a hard-working, am-

bitious lawyer-politician, making the inevitable mistakes, and laying the groundwork for his career in politics.

The Hybrid Prince of Egypt, by Adolphe de Castro. (Los Angeles: Western Authors Association) A fine historical poem by the friend and collaborator of the late Ambrose Bierce.

Fellow of Infinite Jest: William Lyon Phelps, by Florence H. Barber. (New Haven: Payne and Lane, Printers) Delightful recollections and anecdotes of the famous Yale professor and author by a close friend.

Let Candles be Brought On, by Rt. Hon. Geoffrey Shakespeare. (London: MacDonald, Publishers) The important and fascinating autobiography of one who played a large part in English public life from 1915 to 1945. The author, the present head of the famous Shakespeare family which gave to the world William, presents brilliant accounts of David Lloyd-George, Ramsay MacDonald, Winston Churchill, and other great Englishmen. Presents a vivid picture of England during the Second World War.

Straight Furrow, The Biography of Harry S. Truman, by Cornelia Spencer. (The John Day Company) Although written primarily for young people, this charmingly written and scholarly book could profitably be read by grown-ups who are anxious for a better understanding of our thirty-third President.

A Rhetoric of Motives, by Kenneth Burke. (Prentice-Hall Co.) A stimulating and provocative work that deals with many devices that have been used for producing effects by words, not only upon others but also upon oneself. In a

masterly fashion the author deals with the great works of the past that have contributed most to the analysis of rhetoric. In considering the relation of rhetoric to the social order, he treats of mystery, mystification, reverence, magic, hierarchy, courtship as aspects of the rhetorical (or persuasive) motive.

Charles Brockden Brown: American Gothic Novelist, by Harry R. Warfel. (Gainesville: University of Florida Press) The first full-length, adequate biography of "the author of the American novel" who published some seven novels and wrote a dozen short stories, as well as much of the material for three magazines that he edited. This very scholarly and readable work also includes critical analyses of Brown's writings and clearly shows how Brown was the forerunner of such later authors as Poe and Hawthorne.

Erasmus, Tyndale and More, by W. E. Campbell. (Milwaukee: The Bruce Publishing Company) These three men sum up in themselves the clashing convictions and events of England's stormy Tudor period. For the first time, in this modern, up-to-date analysis, the author considers the men not only individually but also treats them in their relationships to each other and to the beginnings of the Reformation. For a fuller understanding of the principles and ideas underlying the Reformation, this work is indispensable.

Young America: 1830-1840, by Robert Riegel (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press) A vivid and fascinating picture of the common man in the age of Jackson—a social and cultural era from which our modern America has resulted. The author deals with certain phases of history usually ignored in conventional historical works.

Jessamy John, by Phil Stong. (Double-day and Company, Inc.) A stirring and colorful novel dealing with John Law and the great Mississippi Bubble, based on extensive historical research.

Cathedral Lives, by Laura Emily Mau. (Appleton: C. C. Nelson Publishing Co.) An interesting and gracefully written religious study.

VERITAS VERITATUM

J. Corson Miller

The lamb is meek of eye, and his wool
Not soft as the down of a dove;
But his heart is armored in a sheath of
iron,
Forged in the fire of Love.

Till men remember that strength will
flow
Where seeds of kindness flower,
Their plans must crumble down into
dust,
And tower fall on tower.

'T were better far that life should turn
On the wheels of hunger and thirst,
Than that men should trumpet their
wealth abroad,
And be by smugness cursed;

Than their minds should be choked with
trivial things,
And dazzled but by the dark;
Their children nourished from golden
spoons,
And wearing Cain's murder-mark.

Until the day that the lamb and the lion
Lie down in brotherly rest,
The works of men shall all be shattered,
And wars rage east and west.

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